

WORKSHOP WRINKLES.

We have heard some very complimentary remarks concerning the photograph of the Workshop Section, "A fine bunch of boys" is the usual comment.

The finest in the land is our verdict.

It is a pity one or two were so conspicuous (by their absence). Where was Tommy anyhow and what was he doing, if rumour can be trusted, but there we won't give the game away old boy. Still she seems to be about IT by all accounts.

WHEN IS that N.C.O. going to get some leave.

We are all very sorry that our old friend, The Mechanical Sergeant in the Light Car Park is in hospital. But you must keep cheerful Sarge, for although you may not at present think so there are worse ailments than yours around here.

We were very sorry to lose our two chums who went to Shoreham the other day, by the way Beeney sure can hustle. He was warned at 9.30 a.m. and was on the train at 10 a.m. yet he only upheld the W.S. reputation.

By the time this is in print we presume several of our boys will have left us to go up to the "Smoke." Good luck boys we will call and see you WHEN we get up on leave.

Who was the N.C.O. Tester that lost a Ford from a Cadillac and come back with only the rope, while testing in Cheriton.

We take our hats off to the engineers for the first class job they made on the floors in our small shops.

It has been remarked that we do not get much hope for the paper from the stores. We will endeavour to have this rectified and will give them a requisition early.

Once more we hear that a driver in the L. cars took a notion that 600 W. is the right dope for a Cadillac dry clutch.

We were delighted to have the Lancaster pay us a visit again it seemed such a long while since we had seen her. Bob says she is "Jake" since we altered the timing.

We congratulate Corporal Ashford upon his promotion to Sergeant, also Private Barford who has been appointed Lance-Corporal a small beginning very often lands big things.

We are asked to state that there are openings for new members in the Workshop String Band. The band master will be glad to hear any would be members qualifications, at any time by appointment.

Social Items. A very pleasant evening was spent on the 28th of February by a number of the boys suffering with their teeth. After having them fixed up they had a lecture on Bobbie Burns, and were royally entertained at a house in Cheriton. They say the "SCOTCH" was very good. We believe them as they looked the part in the morning.

Is it true that all the Casualty Section in the Hythe Repair Shops claim to be the best Football Players, we would like to challenge them.

We would humbly remind all ranks in our section that the shops in Folkestone close on Wednesdays at 1 p.m.

Now boys start to-day and hand in all the Tit Bits for our next paper.

MEDICAL BOARD.

Doctor to Pte. Swinglead—Well my man what is the matter with you?

Private Swinglead—I don't feel well at all doctor, everything I eat flies to my stomach, and I am spitting wind.

Doctor—How did you find yourself this morning?

Pte. Swinglead—Well I just opened my eyes and there I was.

Doctor (rather puzzled to orderly)—Give him a Number 9.

Orderly—We have none, Sir.

Doctor (impatiently)—Well give him a couple of fours and owe him one.